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HUMANS

BY THREE MEMBERS OF THE RACE
Illustrations by a Fourth.



THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

SIR WOODROW preached preparedness
From Gotham to Milwaukee.
We trust the animal he rides
Will not prove over-balky.
The Zeppelins are dropping bombs
Upon their next-door neighbors;
Chicago, Ill.,
Has had a chill,
And Villa ceased his labors.

The latest thing in honeymoons—
If you have thoughts of mating—
Is not to take a wedding trip,
But merely to go skating.
Ourselves deplore this sudden change,
Young love should be a-sunning,
It is not meet
To risk cold feet,
So early in the running.



The Germans caught an English ship
And hocked it for the Kaiser.
The homing Argonauts of Peace
Are sadder folk, but wiser.
Charles Whitman's Presidential boom
Exploded prematurely.
Hughes will not mix
With politics—
And Perkins smiles demurely.

The Colonel passed a restless week,
Which is to say, he's normal.
The murders on the Rio Grande
Were really quite informal.
Side whiskers will be countenanced
In southern Mississippi.
The hats of Spring
Are on the wing,
And we are feeling grippy.

ARE YOU GYROSCOPIC?

SOME TIME ago the scientists made a great discovery. They discovered that the top, which boys have played with from time immemorial, was not a top at all, but was a gyroscope. They found out that if you could put a top inside of a surface car and keep it spinning even enough and long enough that the car would run along without upsetting it. When the car went around curves and leaned over to one side the top leaned the other way, thus preserving the balance.

The scientists discovered that the top had an axis and that when you started to spin it you could point it any way and it would stay just where you pointed it. They got the top going, for example, and pointed it at the north star, and although the earth was moving around at the rate of seventeen feet a second, to say nothing of the way it was going through the air on its way around the sun, neither of these motions made any difference to that top; it kept pointing to the north star.

The scientists discovered that if you wind up a top and then put one end of its axis to a string and hold it up in the air it will not only revolve around its axis but it will also revolve around the string—a kind of double motion in which it seeks very successfully to imitate the action of the world.

In other words, the world is only a top, and scientists called it a gyroscope because they like to use names which mystify people.

We have made another discovery which may be interesting. We have discovered that there are gyroscopes in people. Sometimes you see the thing in action where one man is able to go along on one rail without upsetting just because he has inside of him a good working gyroscope. Morzan, when he was alive, was a pretty successful gyroscope for Wall Street. Wilson is proving himself to be a gyroscope for the country. The mother of children who knows how to manage her household affairs is a good example of a home gyroscope.

A great many people have run along gyroscopically until the gyroscope suddenly got out of order, and then there was the devil to pay. Napoleon's gyroscope carried him through to Waterloo, and then something happened.

THE HIGH COST OF BABIES

ACCORDING to a report issued by an institution in Chicago, the cost of raising a child has advanced about 40 per cent. in the last ten years.

Viewed from the standpoint of the parent, the process of raising children is the result of an impulse which, as the scientists and other experts assure us, springs from nature, and does not appear to have any relationship to economics. The mother has children because she likes to play dolls with them and—from the standpoint of economics—act foolishly over them.

It therefore comes as a kind of shock to be told in so many words that the cost of fondling a baby has gone up 40 per cent. A simple case of colic which lasted two hours ten years ago has now 40 per cent. more economic value than it had then.

But is this going far enough? Should not some statistician, inspired by the highest motives, furnish us with a correct economic scale of a mother's love in order that we may be able to compare it with other products, and thus give it its proper place in the scheme of our wonderful civilization?

LIFE.

WHAT is life? It is supposed to be something that most people value highly, yet how few there are who are willing to preserve it. For example, every one talks about methods of attaining long life, yet no one cares to practise them. The commonest rules of health are constantly violated by the great majority. Doctors know this, and rarely, if ever, advise their patients how to live, but give them medicine to tide them over some temporary setback.

Life has been called an illusion, a dream, a bubble, a curtain raiser and a forgetting. In reality, it is merely something that no man wants to part from too suddenly, but which he will always sell on the installment plan to the highest bidder. The soldier gambles with the state for the price of his life, the immigrant with the miner, the rich man with luxury.

At its best, life is only what we learn to avoid.

THE THOUGHTS AND ACTIVITIES OF HERMIONE

A Very Modern Young Woman

BY DON MARQUIS.

BETWEEN my Woman's Club and my Scientific Cooking Class and my Civic Betterment Movement and my Psychology Circle and my Friday Literary Lectures I have really quite neglected my Social Service Work for the last week. Isn't it dreadful! Just simply dreadful!

Don't you just dote on Social Service Work? It keeps one so in touch with the Masses, if you get what I mean.

Only last month a party of us—all Advanced Thinkers, you know, belonging to my own Little Group of Intellectuals—got into two of Papa's cars and went down to the Slums to see how the Other Half live. It was cold, of course, and of course one ran a risk of catching some of the terrible diseases they have in the Slums, but I had on the new Russian Sables Papa gave me for Christmas, and I was quite comfortable. Of course we didn't get out of the cars. Really, one can see quite enough destitution to make one's heart bleed without getting out of one's car this sort of weather.

An Advanced Thinker owes it to herself, don't you think, to learn at first hand just how the Other Half lives? Once or twice, when the children gathered around the cars, we asked them where they lived and why they were so dirty and unsanitary, you know, and that sort of thing to show our Friendly Interest in them.

I just dote on my Social Service Work! It broadens one so, spiritually and intellectually, if you get what I mean. I think it is wonderful, just simply wonderful!

But I can't say that the Masses are really appreciative. They are so dreadfully rude sometimes! Still one must expect to be misunderstood if one is doing a Great Work for

Thought? I'm *scold* about it myself; it's wonderful; just simply wonderful!

I suppose one reason I'm so interested in Oriental Thought is because I'm so Psychic myself. I'm *different*, somehow, if you get what I mean. I am, really. This perfectly lovely man looked into my eyes the other evening—such pure, pure orbs he has, too!—and said: "Has any one ever told you that you are not quite the same as other young women?"

Fancy his knowing that! It made me feel quite strange and eerie! It was mind reading, you know.

I shouldn't be at all surprised if in a former incarnation I had been a Yogi, or a Rajah, or a howdah, or something quite Oriental like that. Or is it a Howdah? Anyhow it is wonderfully psychic and Oriental and rides upon an elephant.

We've hired this perfectly lovely man for a course of lectures. He will lecture at the Literary Club every Friday and at the Psychology Circle on Tuesdays. On Saturdays he will speak to my own little group of advanced thinkers at my home.

The loveliest thing about Advanced Thought is the way it keeps one from spending one's time on Frivolity.

Don't you just utterly loathe Frivolity? I do! I'm going to open a Salon before long. . . . We need a real Salon in this part of the world very badly, you know. . . . Soon after it starts I'm going to have a Psychic Evening.

I'm having the decorations and costumes designed now. My gown will match my Soul in color, if you get what I mean. One should dress, you know, in accordance with one's Psychic Colors. . . . to match one's Aura.

I think, when I open my Salon, I will be able to do a great deal of good in the way of reclaiming this town from Frivolity.

I almost wished to-day that I had chosen



Side whiskers in southern Mississippi.

Will Bryan plans a talking trip
To pacify the nation.
We always try to make a note
Of every innovation.



We trust this animal will not prove balky

Palm Beach is very pleasant now—
So says the railroad folder.
The Spanish gown
Has come to town—
And we are fair and colder.



Oh, Sacrifice! Sacrifice! What is so great as Sacrifice!

The World, must one not? One must Sacrifice for one's Ideals! We Modern Leaders of Thought know what Sacrifice means!

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Nearly every night before I go to bed I ask myself: "Hermione, have you shown a spirit of sacrifice to-day? Have you been unselfish to-day? Or have you failed?"

I make a point of these little Spiritual Examinations every evening before I Go Into the Silence.

They seem, somehow, if you get what I mean, to bring one into Closer Harmony with the Infinite.

My Little Group of Advanced Thinkers took up the Infinite in quite a serious way recently. We gave an entire evening of Earnest Thought to it. . . . and it's wonderful. . . .

Just simply wonderful!

I just dote upon the Infinite! Don't you?

I often say to myself: "Hermione, how could you get along without it?"

An Advanced Thinker must keep in Tune with it, if you get what I mean. . . . must vibrate with it.

Aren't you just perfectly crazy about Vibrations?

The loveliest man told us all about Vibrations the other evening—our own little group of serious thinkers, you know.

He had such wonderful eyes! So magnetic! So psychic! So compelling! So mystical! And yet so pure!

He had long wavy brown hair and he was dressed like an East Indian Swami, you know.

Aren't you just simply in love with Oriental

TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON.

Tale Number 1.

How Mrs. Peaseley Got Even with the New Nurse.

HAROLD PEASELEY came into the house in his usual manner. He had been thinking of late a good deal about business, and so when he walked through the hall and up the stairs his preoccupation was somewhat more intense than usual. Suddenly, however, in possibly a subconscious manner, he became aware that the baby was crying. He decided almost instantly what to do, and in another moment was directing his footsteps toward the nursery.

It is but just to Harold Peaseley to say that at that moment he did not realize that the new nurse had arrived. The fact that the baby was crying led him to believe that its mother was

ing up children," said the nurse, who was partly trained, "he has safety-pinitis. But again, according to the Muttmorest system he needs four ounces of coordinated milk, from which every particle of nourishment has been scientifically excluded by the Edison storage battery unsatisfactory. I am now going to toss up and see which system to adopt."

"Hand me the bottle," said Peaseley. "I'll take a chance and feed him while you decide upon the system."

At this moment Mrs. Peaseley entered the room. When she saw what was taking place she gave one loud scream and fainted. Peaseley carried her into the boudoir and waited for her to come to. He was going to kiss the nurse, but was saved by his sense of honor. "Never go back on a perfectly good woman when she is knocked out," he observed to himself.

When she came to there was a long silence. Then his wife said bitterly:

"I saw that woman handing you a bottle of milk," Peaseley smiled cynically.

"Well, he said, 'it might have been Jamaica rum or grape juice. What then?'"

"She must die!"

Peaseley shrugged his shoulders. How blind men are. He thought she was kidding him.

"As you will," he said. "You madden and annoy me considerably by your unjust suspicions, but that is ever the fate of true virtue. If you want me I shall be in the garden meditating."

"If you were true to me," said Mrs. Peaseley, "you could not have entered the nursery. No American husband has entered a nursery now for at least six years, or since we had eugenics. She betrayed herself when she handed you the fatal bottle. It may have contained only milk, but you cannot deny that it was a bottle."

Peaseley went into the garden and his wife rang the bell for a curving knife.

"The one," she said to the maid, "tipped with silver and gold that has been handed down in our family for generations and which you will probably find the cook using in the kitchen to chop the ice with." In a moment the maid returned with it.

Mrs. Peaseley sharpened it on the bathtub and



He has safety-pinitis.

taking care of it. If he had known about the new nurse, in view of what followed, there is reason to believe that he might have paused upon the threshold.

He did, however, enter the room.

Then he saw the new nurse, and he nodded to her. Mrs. Peaseley, who had followed him down to the office that morning and had tracked him part way back, had lost the trail at Twelfth street owing to a blockade. She was therefore five minutes behind time, and when Peaseley was nodding to the nurse she was only just coming up the front steps.

Peaseley said to the nurse:

"You are a pretty fair looking, but don't let

on to any one in this house that I said so. We are surrounded by spies—not German spies, but common or garden domestic spies. What is the matter with the baby?"

"According to the Pinkett system of bring-

ing up children," said the nurse, who was partly trained, "he has safety-pinitis. But again, according to the Muttmorest system he needs four ounces of coordinated milk, from which every particle of nourishment has been scientifically excluded by the Edison storage battery unsatisfactory. I am now going to toss up and see which system to adopt."

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entered the nursery. Stabbing the nurse to the heart with the knife she rang the bell and requested the maid to call her husband. He came up from the garden calmly.

"My dear," he said, "what mad prank is this?"

"I have only done my duty by myself and society. You must help me remove the body. I intend to make you suffer."

"Never! I'll support myself first!"

"You refuse?"

"I do!"

Mrs. Peaseley, her face suffused with righteous indignation, drew herself up to her full height.

"Very well," she said, "the world shall know of this. I care not who writes the songs of my country so long as I can make my husband suffer." She rang the bell.

"What are you going to do, Merriam?" he asked hoarsely, turning pale.

She smiled.

"It is too late. I am going to send for a public nurse, remover. They will think you did it." He laughed bitterly.

"That means," he said, "that I shall become famous as a nurse killer, get my name in all the papers, while you will be known all the rest of your life as only my wife. Ah! I shall be revenged!"

He turned and went out.

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